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smoked bacon, which the good wife placed before them.

The long walk and keen air had given even Arnold an appetite which made him forget all his Parisian delicacies; the bacon seemed the best flavored he had ever tasted; and the cheap *vin du pays*, which constituted the sole beverage at the farmer's table, appeared to him capital.

The supper went merrily on till the farmer inquired, as if struck by a sudden thought, "Where is Farraut? I have not seen him since my return."

His wife and children looked at each other, and made no reply.

"Well, then, what is the matter?" said Moser, who perceived their embarrassment. "Where is the dog? What has happened? Do answer me, Dorothy!"

"Do not be vexed, dear papa," interrupted Johnny; "we did not dare to tell you; but Farraut is gone off, and has not come back again."

"Gone off! but you should have told me," said the peasant striking the table with his fist. "And what road did he take?"

"The road to Garennes."

"When was it?"

"After breakfast. We saw him go up the little path."

"Something must have happened to him," said Moser, rising from his seat. "The poor animal is almost blind, and there are sand-pits all along the road. Go, get me my goat-skin cloak and my lantern; I must find poor Farraut either dead or alive."

Dorothy went out without making any observation on the lateness of the hour, or the badness of the weather, and soon returned with the cloak and lantern.

"You value this dog much?" inquired Arnold, surprised at their anxiety.

"Not for my own sake," replied Moser, as he lighted his pipe; "but he did a good service to Dorothy's father. One day, as he was returning from La Boutraye with the price of his bullocks, four men set on him, and would have killed him to get his money, but Farraut drove them off; and so, when the good man died two years ago, he called me to his bedside, and asked me to care for the dog as for one of his children. Those were his very words. I promised it; and it would be a shame not to keep one's word with the dead. Ho, Fritz! give me my stick: I would not, for the world, that anything should have happened to Farraut. The creature has been in the family for twenty years. He knows every one of us by our voices, and he recalls the good grandfather to mind. Give the lantern here quickly, Dorothy. Good night, sir, and rest well till to-morrow."

Moser wrapped himself in his goatskin and went out. The sound of his iron-tipped staff made itself heard for a few moments, and was then lost amidst the noise of the storm and rain, which was raging without.

After a long silence, the hostess proposed to show the young man the room she had prepared for him; but Arnold begged to be allowed to wait the return of his host. He began to feel interested in this man, whom he had at first thought rude and vulgarminded, and in this humble family, whose life had seemed to him so devoid of interest.

The night passed on; but no sign of Moser. The children dropped asleep one after another, and John himself, who made the longest resistance, at length yielded to the weariness which stole over him.

Dorothy, uneasy and restless, went constantly to the door, to see if she could hear the sound of footsteps. Arnold tried to reassure her; but this only excited her the more. She accused Moser of never considering his own health or safety; of being always ready to sacrifice himself for others; of never being satisfied to see either man or beast suffer without doing everything to relieve them; and in proportion as she multiplied her complaints, which sounded wonderfully like praises, her anxiety became greater, and she was filled with forebodings of ill. The night before, the dog had never ceased howling, an owl had perched on the roof, and, besides, it was Wednesday, always an unfortunate day to them. At last she became so miserable that the young huntsman proposed to go in search of her husband; and she was about to awaken Fritz to accompany him as a guide, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside.

"It is he!—it is Moser!" exclaimed the good woman. "Thank God! he is safe."

"Hollo! open quick, wife," cried the farmer from without.

She ran to draw back the bolt, and Moser appeared with the old blind dog in his arms.

"Here he is," cried he gaily. "God bless me! I thought I should never find him: the poor animal had rolled to the bottom of the great quarry."

"And did you go down there to get him?" inquired the terrified Dorothy.

"Would you have had me leave him at the bottom, to find him drowned there to-morrow?" replied the old soldier. "I slipped along the high bank, and carried him away in my arms like a child, only I was obliged to leave the lantern behind."

"But, good heavens, you risked your life!" exclaimed Dorothy, shuddering.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said good-humoredly, "Ah, bah! when one risks nothing, one gets nothing. I have found Farraut, that is the chief thing. If the good grandfather looks down upon us, he will be pleased now."

This reflection, made almost in a tone of indifference, deeply touched Arnold, who warmly grasped the peasant's hand, saying with emotion, "You have acted like a true-hearted man, my friend."

"In what respect?" answered Moser. "Is it because I have saved a dog from drowning? Thank God! I have saved many a dog and many a man, too, since I was born; but not often in worse weather than to-night. Say, my good Dorothy, can you give me a glass of cogniac to warm me?"

She brought the bottle to her husband, who drank to the health of his guest, and then they all retired to rest.

The next morning was again fine; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, still glittering with rain-drops. When Arnold descended from the loft where he had passed the night, he found Farraut at the door basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, while the little cripple was seated by his side, making a collar for him of the bright red berries of the wild rose. Farther on, in the outer room, the farmer sat chatting with a beggar, who came for his weekly alms. Dorothy was engaged in filling the old man's sack.

"Come, old Henri, you must have a drink before you go," said the peasant, whilst he filled a glass for the aged beggar. "To enable you to get through your rounds you must have something to give you courage."

"One always finds some here," said the beggar with a smile. "There are not many houses in the parish which give more liberally; and, certainly, there are none where what is given so cheerfully."

"Hush, hush, Father Henriot," interrupted Moser; "why talk about such things? Take your glass, and leave it to the good God to judge the actions of other men. You know you and I have served together—we are comrades."

The old man contented himself with shaking his head, and striking his glass with the farmer's, without further remark; but one could see that he felt more deeply the kindness with which the alms were bestowed than the gift of the alms themselves.

When he had again lifted his sack upon his shoulder, and said farewell, Moser looked after him till he had turned the corner, and then said with a sigh, "One more homeless poor old man cast upon the world!" and added, turning to his guest, "Perhaps you will hardly believe me, sir, but when I see a feeble aged man like that obliged to beg his bread from door to door, my heart sinks within me. I should like to be able to shelter them all under my roof, and welcome them to my table. One may argue about it as one likes, but nothing prevents such a sight from breaking the heart but the recollection that up there, above us, there is a land where those who have not received even a scanty portion here, will have double ration and double pay."

"Ah, keep fast hold of that hope," said Arnold; "it alone can sustain and console us. I shall never forget the hours I have passed with you, my friend; I hope they may not be the last."

"We shall rejoice to see you," said the old soldier. "If the bed in the loft is not too hard for you, and you can put up with our smoked bacon, come as often as you like, and we shall always have a hearty welcome for you." As he thus spoke, the peasant cordially shook the hand which the young man offered him, pointed out the path he should follow, and stood on the threshold till he had turned the corner of the road and vanished from his sight.

Arnold walked on thoughtfully for some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but when he had reached the summit of the hill, he turned to cast one more look upon the farm; and as he stood watching the light smoke which curled from its chimney, a tear of grateful emotion dimmed his eye. "May God protect that roof!" he earnestly exclaimed; "for there, where my pride saw only beings incapable of understanding the more refined sentiments of our nature, I have found those who are an example to myself. I judged hastily from the exterior, and thought all the poetry of life was wanting, because, instead of showing itself outwardly, it lay hidden within the deeper recesses of the heart. Superficial observer that I was! I spurned with my foot what seemed to me a hard ungainly flint, little thinking of the diamond hidden within."

THE THRUSH.

ALFRED PERCEVAL.

O THRUSH! that pourest, far and near,
From some dark bower thy passionate song,
Thou speakest sadder to my ear
To-day than all the feathered throng.

For when of late, in search of food,
The mother-bird had left her young,
With axe in hand, a woodsman rude,
I roved my leafy shades among;

Until at last my critic eye
Discerned a tangled beechen bough;
I heaved the sturdy steel on high,
And with three blows I struck it through.

It rocked, then down to earth it fell,
And turning, tossed upon the air
Four throistles, scarce escaped the shell,
With downy breasts and pinions bare;

Whilst wildly wheeling o'er their fall,
Returned, alas! one moment late,
The parent thrush with piteous call
Bewails her brood's disastrous fate.

Each bird, with wafts of warmest breath,
I strove to stir to life again;
But, oh! so rude the rock beneath,
All—the little ones were slain.

In their own nest, that scarce was cold,
Their tender corses I inurned;
Then made their grave of garden mold,
And homeward melancholy turned;

And still a voice within me said,
"Thus by the strokes of selfish power,
At random dealt, we mourn you dead,
Sweet half-fledged hopes, from hour to hour."

And this is why, in accents clear,
Pouring afar her passionate song,
One thrush speaks sadder to my ear
To-day than all the feathered throng.

CHOICE OF BOOKS.—Young reader—you, whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted with the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set though it should be the prominent furniture in the rosewood bookcase.—*Southey*.

worthy of notice in the history of German *renaissance*, as being among the earliest and most powerful expressions of the new school.

At last, after five years' residence in Lübeck, Carstens was enabled, through the generosity of two of its citizens, to remove to Berlin, where a new field of study opened before him. The spirit and originality of his compositions attracted great attention, and he was soon appointed to a professorship in the Academy. Not long afterward he received a pension of two hundred thalers, for two years, with which to make a journey to Italy, and he left Germany never to return.

Proceeding at once to Rome, he became completely engrossed in the study of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and was brought, through the influence of these great masters, to the position of leader among the regenerators of German art.

The celebrity of Carstens' works, and the attention he attracted from all quarters, made him the object of much jealousy, and he suffered bitterly, at times, from the attacks of his enemies—men mostly opposed to the new school of art, and especially to that branch of which Carstens was the originator. It is not to be denied that his ideas and developments were one sided, but that one-sidedness was perhaps just the element necessary to enable him to perform with such enthusiasm the peculiar mission which appeared laid out for him.

The withdrawal of his yearly pension was a terrible blow to his hopes, from which he never recovered; and the struggle against poverty and opposition undermined his health to such an extent that he grew weaker and weaker day by day. He never, under all these trials, neglected, for one moment, the grand object of his life; and, even on his death-bed, his feeble hands labored to place, in enduring form, the grand ideas which filled his brain. His last work was "The Golden Age." He died on the 25th of May, 1798, and was buried at the foot of the Pyramid of Cestius.

The engraving, on another page, of the "Banquet of Plato," is from a cartoon, executed during Carstens' residence in Rome, the best and strongest period of his life.

Carstens describes it in the following words: "A young, wealthy Athenian, named Agathon, who had won the prize in tragedy, invited his friends, Socrates, Aristophanes, and others, to a grand banquet. Alcibiades, whom Agathon had not invited, came in unbidden. He was intoxicated, and had his forehead bound with wreaths. The guests arose in disorder, and he took his place by the side of Socrates, upon whose brow he placed a wreath, saying that he alone, of all men, was worthy of such honor. Aristophanes, sitting behind the table, is looking earnestly at Alcibiades." The material, which is drawn from Plato's *Conversation*, "The Banquet, or the Praise of Eros," is peculiarly adapted for artistic representation, and Carstens' great powers, not only for classic expression, but for individualization and delineation of character as well, are clearly shown in the group about the table.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF READING.—Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind and faculties, it is on this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

THEODORE TILTON.

THIS remarkable man may be said to live three intellectual or literary lives: first, as a poet; second, as an orator; and third, as a journalist. In any one of these capacities, without the aid of the other two, he has undoubtedly achieved a reputation; with all three combined, he has become one of the best known men of his time. Considered as a poet, Mr. Tilton is to be judged by the comparatively few pieces which compose the volume entitled "The Sexton's Tale, and other Poems;" as an orator, by ten years of incessant public speaking in the anti-slavery cause, with his more recent series of lyceum lectures; and, as a journalist, by a fifteen years' service on the *Independent*—during which, it became one of the most influential of the press in America—and by his late establishment of the *Golden Age*.

The brief biography of our subject—and biographies of literary men are generally brief—begins and

had a wish that some one of his pupils might become distinguished as an artist, and he selected Theodore for such a career, urging him to adopt art as a profession. But the fates decreed otherwise. He entered into literature, carrying with him into that field all the artistic tastes and sympathies which, at one period of his life, came nigh dedicating all his efforts to the brush instead of the pen. His favorite studies were mathematics and the ancient languages. He invented several new solutions of certain geometrical problems, which earned him not only a mathematical gold medal, but a high reputation with the late Professor E. C. Ross, who once said, pointing him out, "That young gentleman is the best mathematician who ever sat in any class of mine."

His first immediate connection with the press was as an amateur short-hand writer, an accomplishment which he had acquired in boyhood, at a time when there was, probably, less than a dozen students of phonography in this country. During his college

vacation Mr. Tilton occasionally made reports for the *Times* and *Tribune*, and, in that way, first drew attention to his literary ability; but he was never regularly connected with any journal as a reporter. Subsequently he became an amanuensis to Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*—filling a subordinate position on that paper, and, at the same time, doing incidental work for Mr. Daniel Burgess, such as preparing manuscript and writing prefaces to certain works which that gentleman was then publishing. Mr. Tilton's friends may be interested in knowing that he, too, became the author of a book at this early period in his literary experience. The book was published anonymously, and had a very extensive sale, but to this day its authorship has never been acknowledged.

In March, 1856, Mr. Tilton attached himself to the editorial staff of the *Independent*, then under the conduct of Drs. Bacon, Thompson, and Storrs. After a few years these gentlemen resigned, and Henry Ward Beecher acceded to the chair—Mr. Tilton being his first lieutenant. This position he retained until 1863, when Mr. Beecher's retirement promoted him to the rank of editor-in-chief, which he continued to hold for seven years, and which he finally left to establish the *Golden Age*.

In this new enterprise, Mr. Tilton is beginning to realize the dream of his younger days. The desire of many years has finally been gratified by the establishment of a paper entirely his own; and he now boasts that the *Golden Age* was named long before its birth.

With his merits as a writer every one is more or less familiar; for, as

in thought, word, and action Mr. Tilton is strikingly original, so into the realm of literature he has carried a style peculiarly his own. Although a journalist, he is very unlike the ordinary type of an editor. It is the moral of events, rather than the events themselves, that he aims principally to present; and more as a critic than as a chronicler has he wielded the professional pen. His literary productions are distinguished for their vigor, warmth and intensity. He is pre-eminently the man of emergency, and is never more brilliant than when in the very heat of some great conflict. It was this happy fitness for the hour that carried him so rapidly to fame during the anti-slavery struggle, and left Theodore Tilton, at the close of the war, on the topmost wave of popularity.

One of his most striking characteristics is his fearlessly bold declaration of opinions. Sometimes his expressions are hasty and immature. But, with him, to think is to utter; and in a manner, too, that leaves no doubt of the sincerity of his convictions. The right is upheld, and the wrong denounced, with all the vehemence of an enthusiast, and with the utmost indifference to popular approval. And, as his strong



THE PARENT THRUSH.—WEBB.

ends at almost the same spot; for he was born in New York, within a stone's-throw of his present editorial office. The date of his birth, was October 2, 1835. He received his preliminary education at the old public school which used to stand opposite the Shakespeare Hotel. When the College of New York was founded, and its doors opened to graduates from public schools, he was one of the first scholars to pass the competency examination—then becoming the earliest, as he has since become the most famous, of the long list of inmates of that institution. It was there he "finished" his education; yet, after having taken the complete college course, young Tilton went out from his Alma Mater without her graduating diploma. A conscientious punctilio, which forbade his acceptance of a degree, precluded his participation in the graduating exercises. He submitted to the preparatory examination, and wrote his graduating essay; but the youthful genius, who was destined for later and more substantial honors, counted as nothing those mere nominal favors, which may mark an era in every school-boy's life.

While at the college the young student became a favorite with Professor Paul Duggan, who always